

A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever



Photo by Goertz.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO claims that they have the most beautiful co-eds of any Canadian University. We would like to differ with them. Pictured above is a snap of one of Alberta's co-eds, picked at random from our files. This Swiss beauty is a third year Science student, Hermie de Phyyfer. News of the contest has spread like wildfire, and rivalry has developed all across Canada. The Toronto Globe and Mail ran pictures of both U. of Toronto and U. of Western Ontario candidates. The winner at the latter university gets a free trip to New York and a chance at Powers modelling.

CHRONICLES OF FLATBUSH

Night Life in Flatbush

by D. H. McCubbin

Even the most loyal Flatbushite would admit that the town might, perhaps, be found lacking in one or two things. For instance, a police force, a fire brigade, a telephone system, a delivery service, electric lights, pavements, sidewalks, a hospital, a doctor, a few two-storey buildings, a road repair crew, a Justice of the Peace, a newspaper, a dentist, a place to swim, a tennis court, and modern plumbing. (The home-town booster might even thoughtfully admit that some of these things would be improvements.) These things may not be found in Flatbush, it is certain, but our Flatbush supporter would dismiss them as mere trifles and would firmly but modestly assert that, "We ain't fancy but you kin bet your bottom dollar there ain't a better little town along the line than this one right here." Yes, indeed. Let Pisa have its leaning tower and Chicago its central sewage system. Flatbush is content. It has its compensations, too. Flatbush has night life.

At half-past nine every evening an air of expectancy may be felt hanging over Flatbush. A sort of suppressed excitement pervades the whole town. The forty-three people who comprise its population gather together in little knots and the knots move in common direction—toward the station. There is unusual activity there, too. Shorty Craig, station master, hotel manager, returning officer, and chief loafer in Flatbush, bestire himself, gets off the barrel which he has been occupying all evening, yawns, stretches, rubs his chin, and looks around at his audience. The first act in the nightly production of the Flatbush Little Theatre with the Grande Prairie ten o'clock as the star performer and Shorty Craig as property man, is about to begin.

First, Shorty strolls slowly and deliberately to the baggage half of the two-roomed structure which serves as a station. With the air of an art collector about to unveil a rare old Rembrandt, he slides back the door of the baggage compartment. He steps inside. A pause. There is a fluttering and squawking from the interior of the shack. Shorty appears carrying a crate of chickens. From his manner as he sets the crate down on the platform outside, one would not be at all surprised if, when he stood up and turned around, he bowed to thunderous applause.

Chickens are not always the outgoing freight from Flatbush. Flatbush freight might

consist of anything from a sack of potatoes and a crate of eggs to a pair of South American beaver from Mr. Jacobi's fur farm and a bed spring old Mrs. Dagg is sending to her daughter to relieve the shortage caused by the arrival of the latest baby. It does not matter what it is. Flatbush is interested.

Shorty now takes his position beside the track and close to the freight. His audience shift from one foot to the other. Conversation, which was loud and boisterous at the beginning of the evening, now drops to a tone like the excited buzz which precedes the raising of the curtain in a play. Old man Schlick knocks the ashes out of his pipe. Mrs. Sawkaski shifts the baby from her right to her left arm and sticks an old cotton-stuffed nipple in its mouth to keep it quiet. Shorty Craig pushes his cap farther back on his head and hitches up his pants. Flatbush is ready for the second act.

A long whistle, a plume of smoke, a distant rumble and the chief actor in the nightly Flatbush dramatic presentation rolls around the bend. The Grande Prairie daily has arrived. Shorty Craig nearly bursts with importance. The highlight of a day in Flatbush is at hand, and he is the central figure in the great drama. With wide, sweeping gestures he signals that the train should stop. He nods to the baggage conductor with the air of a man used to exchanging the time of night with the great of the world. He carefully swings the freight into the car. The baggage men carelessly dump out half a dozen cream cans, some new parts for Mr. Schneider's binder and the mail bag. Flatbush gapes at the passengers. The passengers yawn in the collective face of Flatbush. In two minutes it is over. With a disdainful snort and a bored whistle the star of the evening's entertainment shunts off to continue its triumphal tour. Flatbush has had its moment. Bed is the last act in the Flatbush day.

The railroad is the chief but not the only attraction Flatbush has to offer. No, indeed! Flatbush has a river. The casual observer might not think this very remarkable, but the presence of a river has a profound and important effect on Flatbush. It gives them an air. The river to the average Flatbushite is a sort of composite embodiment of the Taj Mahal, Brighton, and the hot springs at Banff. Flatbush can hold its own with the great cities of the world when it comes to local attractions.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

CHRISTMAS

by Scrooge

Christmas is the most universally celebrated festival in the world. There are very few people in this age, in any land, who are not acquainted with some form of Christmas celebration, and with the story of the first Christmas.

But what has happened to Christmas through the nineteen hundred years since Christ lay in the manger? How did Christmas become associated with December twenty-fifth? With Christmas trees? With great feasts? Where did the holly and mistletoe come from? The carols? Christmas cards? nuts? candies? and impressive church services?

In many countries Christmas grew up with, or out of, celebrations of pagan worship. There were various festivals to mark the shortest day of the year, festivals to the sun-god, feasts for Yule-time, when the Yule-log was burned even before Christ was born. There were various other celebrations of peace and goodwill. Much of the pagan worship remains today in celebrations of Christmas.

For several hundred years, theories regarding the date of Christ's birth were numerous, especially in the Near-Eastern countries. December twenty-fifth was suggested from various sources, and about the year three hundred thirty-six, the Church of Rome decided that the twenty-fifth of December was to be the date upon which Christ's birthday would be celebrated.

The evolution of the Christmas tree is even more vague than the date of Christ's birth. A receptacle for holding gifts was introduced into many countries, and about the same time, branches and foliage of trees were used for decoration. The first Christmas tree, as we know it, seems to have appeared in Germany about the time that Luther lived. Some people even credit it to him. The evergreen was symbolic of the Tree of Life.

Santa Claus has various forms. In Italy in the fourth century, St. Nicholas appeared in the person of the Bishop of Myra, to give, anonymously, gifts to the poor. St. Nicholas became the patron saint of boys. Not to be outdone, the girls found a patron in the martyr, St. Lucy. In Switzerland, Father Christmas with his red face and white beard, has as his assistant a wife named "Lucy." Swedish families choose the prettiest girl in the house to impersonate St. Lucy. In Germany Santa Claus is preceded by Knecht Rupert, who, in frightful disguise, visits each house, terrifying naughty children. Santa Claus needed an assistant in Norway, and Kris Kringle with his reindeer came into the Christmas tradition. Russian children thank an old woman, Babuska, for their gifts. Father Christmas personifies Noël, the festival of good news, in France; in some districts he is referred to as "Le Bon Jésus." Similarly in Germany the giver is often "Das Christ-kind"—the Christ

Child.

Of course, feasting, revelry and liberality have been the main part of the Christmas celebration for centuries. In early Roman times the liberality included days in which slaves were waited on by their masters. The feasting period usually included huge gifts of food from the nobles to the tenants of the land. But when a nobleman of the eighteenth century ordered a "mince" pie he really got something. One pie ordered in London was nine feet in circumference, and weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds.

Kissing under the mistletoe might be reminiscent of the days when mistletoe was considered sacred. If enemies met beneath it, they laid down their arms until the following day. One berry of the plant is supposed to be plucked off with every kiss. To make the ritual authentic, the mistletoe must be cut with a gold knife.

Drama, carols, Christmas cards, have been added to the many devices used to make Christmas what it is today. But—what is it today?

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it does it brings good cheer."

Is that Christmas today? Coming but once a year? Does not Christmas signify the birth of the Christian spirit? Christian brotherhood? The Christmas spirit comes but once a year? So often, too true!

"And brings good cheer." Does that mean the eating, drinking, sensual enjoyment of Christmas? Does it mean receiving gifts? Does it refer to the paltry little trickle of charity that is grudgingly, dutifully given? Surely the quotation does not refer to the work, expense, and trouble that precede December twenty-fifth?

"Christmas comes but once a year." But it has been coming once a year for nearly two thousand years, to millions of people in countless homes, in scores of countries. As we look around us today at the misery, selfishness, bloodshed, surely we must admit that the essence of Christmas has eluded mankind.

Christmas is not mainly a religious celebration. Christianity is not mainly a religion; it is a way of life. Christmas is the remembrance of the birth of Christ. Christ was not born in a huge cathedral with choirs and pipe organs around him; He was born in the lowliest shelter man constructs; He lay on straw—the cheapest bedding, in swaddling clothes; an ox and a mule, two of the humblest creatures, were his room-mates. The birth of Christ was to be the birth of Christianity: humility, peace, goodwill. If peace comes to this battered old world, that fundamental concept of Christianity, The Brotherhood of Man, must be more universally applied every day of the year, and not just haphazardly dusted off and displayed on December twenty-fifth.

Let New York have Broadway and Edmonton the High Level Bridge. Flatbush has a river.

This river is not particularly big. It has no rapids, no falls, and very little beach. It has two banks, a very muddy color, and an unusual profusion of mosquitoes. The banks are lined with willows behind which grow poplars and jack pine. At one spot there is a sand bar on which one may stand look at the water. The river is not swift enough to be beautiful, not slow enough to swim in, not high enough to be dangerous, not low enough to ford. There is no bridge at Flatbush, for there is nothing on the other side of the river but thicker bush. But these things are unimportant. The point is: Flatbush has a river, and one can go to it.

Now the question naturally arises: Who are the chief patrons of the Flatbush river? It is evident that Flatbushites and their families could go there for a picnic, but no true Flatbushite or his family would waste a good working day in such a fashion. One or two loafers like Lutz Lorenz or Shorty Craig might steal away now and then to spend a day fishing, but their example is not followed by any but the very lazy or the very old. It is reasonable, since there is nowhere else to go, that the children of the district might often play at the river. But this is not so. Flatbush parents have, like most other parents, a mortal fear of rivers in connection with their children, and they can generally provide their offspring with enough tasks to do at home to keep them occupied without river visits. No, these are not the patrons of the Flatbush river. It is in couples and generally at night or on Sunday afternoon that the youth of Flatbush visit the river, and this fact is the source of no end of discussion in and about Flatbush. Yes. It may seem hard to believe, but this placid, undistinguished, muddy little stream is really a cesspool of sin.

It does not matter what one does at the river. One may sit on the bank and throw stones in the water, or clean one's nails, or count one's mosquito bites. That makes little difference. If one has been seen setting off toward the river in the company of another person of the opposite sex, one may as well resign oneself to a reputation. There are things one may do and things one may not do, and visiting the river falls into the latter cate-

gory. However, this does not seem to worry Flatbush youth particularly. They are philosophical about the whole matter. It is almost impossible not to acquire a reputation around Flatbush if one is to have any fun at all, and acquiring a reputation at the river is as good as any other way. As the river cannot be removed very easily and the character of youth and the trend of gossip does not generally change much, we can safely assume the river will remain the crowning glory, the wonder, the temptation, and the curse of Flatbushites for many years to come.

O Canada

There's a land so far away,
And it means the world to me;
It's Canada, the land of peace,
The land so pure and free.
I love it all from shore to shore,
From sea to flowing sea,
And it's Canada this land of mine,
The only place for me.

Oh Canada! Oh Canada!
Our land of faith and pride,
On whose shores all freedom dwells,
For which our fathers died.
And I often sit and fondly dream,
In peace secure from fear,
In that Canadian home of mine,
The land I love so dear.

I've travelled far and I've travelled wide
And there's one thing I know,
There is no place like Canada,
No matter where I go.
The Maple Leaf's our emblem—
Freedom is our song,
And I'll return to Canada
Before so very long.

Oh Canada! Oh Canada!
Blue azure skies above,
A land of peace and plenty,
The land I dearly love.
So here's a toast to Canada,
My home, my native land,
Her praises loudly I will sing,
Till I return again.

By Pte. H. R. (TEX) BLOVE,

A SHORT STORY

The White Peacock

by Sverre Solberg

The boy dashed out of the house, the screen door banging behind him, and across the yard. When he crawled under the gate, he was in such a hurry that he didn't duck low enough, and a barb caught in his shirt and held him. He swore, then tried vainly to squirm free. He'd probably be late for school already without this happening. The barb held, and he had to jerk himself loose, tearing a small rent in his shirt. He picked up his dinner pail again, and ran down the lane. Oh, he'd never make it—never! He'd have to stay after school. He'd have to sit there doing some great long multiplication and division questions and check them and listen to the lessening whirr of buggy wheels and fading shouts as the others left for home. Worse, the teacher had threatened to start strapping the lates. Of course, maybe, she was just bluffing. Teachers often just bluffed. Maybe she wasn't just bluffing. Maybe she meant it. Mabe she'd start today. "Oh, I-just-can't-be-late," he said under his breath as he hurried on. Oh, he'd never make it.

If only he could have cut across. But there was Johnson's flax field. He wasn't supposed to cut across a field. But supposing he did it just this once. It couldn't hurt much, just once. He wouldn't tramp down much anyway. Not him, just a boy. Johnson was a pretty nice man. He wouldn't mind just this once, and maybe he wouldn't miss him. Why, here was the very place to start cutting across! He wouldn't be tramping down any flax for a hundred yards or more!

Running into the field from the lane was a grassy slough. There was no water in it now, but every spring there was, and so it and the ground immediately around it had never been broken. As there had been plenty of moisture there and the slough was never grazed till after harvest, the grass grew verely tall and green there. The boy sometimes went there on summer afternoons to pick blue beard-tongue and wild roses. Sometimes when he saw an ant or other insect hurrying along among the grass stems, he would lie down and put the side of his head as close to the ground as he could and try to imagine what a great forest the ant must think it was in. It would be very exciting to be in a forest like that. He had seen pictures in books in the school library where men were about the same size in real forests as the ant was in the grass. That must be strange, to be among trees at least ten times as high as the windmill at home.

But this morning the boy didn't think of these things. He hurried across the slough till he came to where the flax stood again. It grew there, slender and tall, with the nodding heads

just ready to open into bloom. Some of the sky-blue flowers were already out. Here the boy stopped, very suddenly.

In front of him in the flax was a bird. A bird which was unlike any he had ever seen before. It was large, as large as a turkey hen, and white. Not pure white, for there were a few specks or bars on it. It had a very long tail, much longer than itself, which almost dragged behind it. On its head was a cluster of little white feathers almost like a crown. He stood very still, and the bird moved gracefully through the nodding flax. He was surprised, but he didn't have time to watch any longer, and started off again, faster. Oh, he'd be late for sure now.

He was late. The teacher gave him quite a scolding, and he had to do arithmetic questions after school, but he didn't get a strapping. Anyway, that was something. He had intended to tell the teacher about the bird, because she was anxious that the pupils should tell her about any new birds they had seen and describe them so she could find out what they were and name them, but since he was kept in, he decided not to. That would be paying her back some.

When he got home, his mother was cooking doughnuts. He went over to the dish-pan on the chair and picked a warm doughnut off the brown paper.

"Shall I help you, Mother?" he asked. "Why, yes. Here, you turn them, while I roll out and cut some more. Were you late today? I thought so. So you had to stay in. And you've torn a hole in your shirt!"

"Mother, I saw a funny bird today. Down in the slough in Johnson's flax field. It was white with a few specks and had a very long tail, as twice as long as the rest of it, and a tuft of white feathers on its head. What kind of a bird do you think it was, Mother?"

"You probably saw a prairie chicken." "But, Mother, it couldn't have been! It was as big as a turkey hen."

"Well, then, it must have been somebody's white turkey hen."

"But it didn't look like no turkey hen. It was a lot whiter, and no turkey hen has a tail like that, or feathers on its head."

"You must have been in such a hurry you didn't see it plainly, and then just thought afterwards it looked like that."

"No, Mother. I saw it just as plain. Isn't there any bird like that around here?"

"Not that I can think of. Certainly not around here. Watch out, you're burning the doughnuts!"

So he wasn't believed. It made him quite angry. He knew he'd seen a bird like that.

Some day he'd see it again. Maybe he'd be able to show it to them. Then they'd see. He hoped he'd see it again.

Some time later he came across a picture of a peacock in a book in the school library. It looked exactly like the bird he'd seen, except that it had been white. He showed the picture to the teacher, and asked:

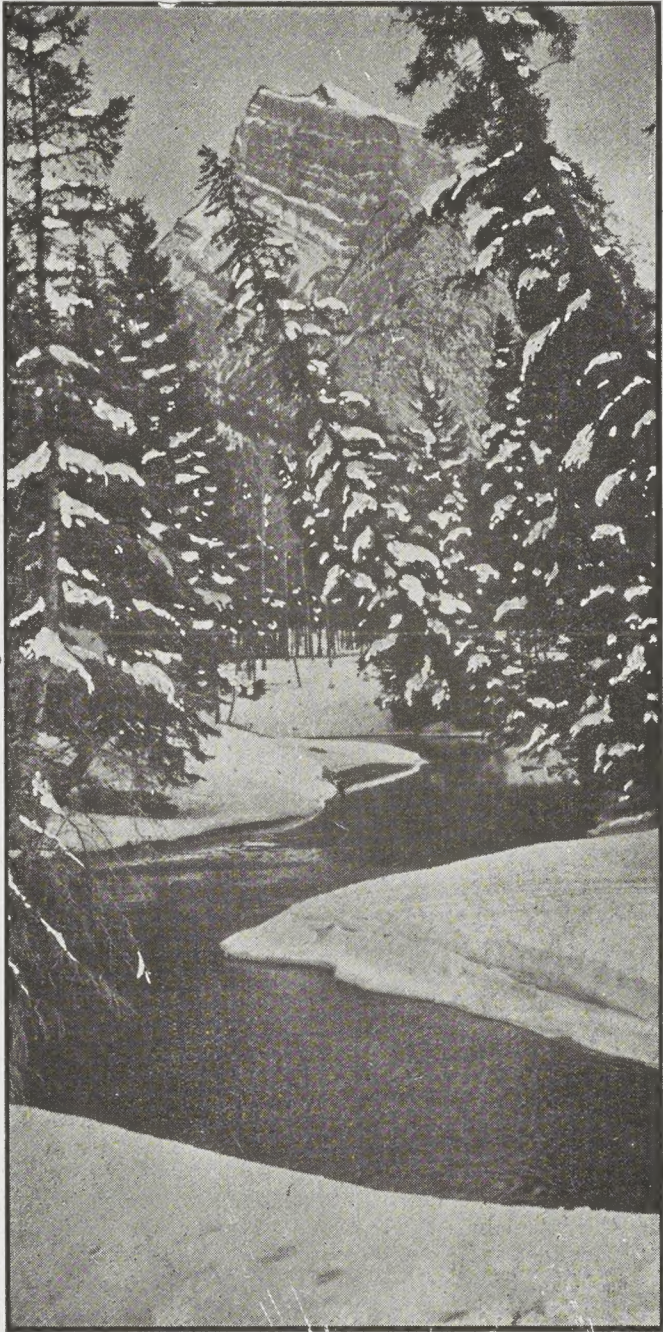
"Are there any white peacocks?" "Yes," answered the teacher. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," he mumbled. He knew then there could have been no white peacock there in the flax field. He wondered.

Something wasn't right. Something was wrong. Was he in the wrong place? This heat, these scraggly trees, these rocks. Was he in the coulee near home where they picked berries? No, that wasn't it. Something else was wrong, too. Some part of him wasn't on right, or something. He'd have to think clearly now to get it all straight.

Then, all at once he saw it again. There was the white peacock! Was he in the flax field again? He wasn't sure, but there was the bird, anyway. Ha! He knew he'd see it again some day. He had said he would. The peacock turned and came slowly, gracefully, proudly towards him. This time he'd show it to them so they'd believe him and not think he was just imagining things. He'd call his mother so she could see for herself. "Mother!" he called, "Mother!" He tried to get up to run to her. "Mother!" he called again. Why didn't she come? Didn't she hear him? Somehow he was still lying there. Funny, it was just like in those dreams when you desperately want to do something and you can't.

The white peacock was coming closer now.



use his knowledge of some particular part of the world, usually that part in which he had grown up. These topics included: Europe, Latin America, The Far East, and the British Empire-Commonwealth. The second selection of topics had no geographic limitations. The committees on these topics were called: The Economic Commission, The Commission on Minority Problems, The Public Opinion and Propaganda Commission.

The man who conducts the three hour lectures three mornings a week does more than lecture. He must be a very capable man. Dr. Klotsche, Professor of History, University of Wisconsin, Dean of Milwaukee State Teachers' College, is such a man. Young, clever, enthusiastic, he obviously enjoys associating with young people. Because of the informal, summer-resort type of life, Dr. Klotsche was called upon to participate in group activities. But at the same time he must not give up that touch of dignity necessary to act as provost for student conduct. His task of administration was eased greatly by the help of his very capable wife, and by the energy and ability of Mrs. Hadden. His lectures were fine examples of what a man can do who is not afraid to face issues, and who is willing to submerge national prejudices in order to teach international concepts.

English naturally was the language used to conduct the business of the Institute. English spoken in the matter-of-fact tones of an Anglo-Saxon is not a colorful language. It acquires a picturesque quaintness when spoken by some enthusiastic young student whose native tongue is Chinese, Belgian, French, Dutch, Austrian, Polish, Hungarian, Hawaiian, or Spanish. A young South American doctor struggled bravely with English words, but the one Spanish word that he never surrendered was the simple little affirmative, "si".

If English was the language of business, it

It seemed to get bigger and bigger. That was strange. Was it because it was coming closer or was he imagining it? He remembered how once when he was quite small, he had visited a playmate who took him to see the geese, and they had been as big as he. As he grew up, he'd often wondered why, because the geese seemed much smaller now. It had been a long time before he realized that it was because he had grown while the geese had not? But was this like that?

The peacock was so close he could touch it now. Why, it must be tame! They **must** see it! "Mother!" he called again. Then it was very close to him. It must be holding its wing over him. All seemed white. That feeling must be the touch of its feathers. It was as soft as falling snow, and had the coolness and warmth of a loved hand. It made him feel like sleeping . . . he fell asleep.

The young orderly stooped by the stretcher and pulled the khaki blanket over the face. "Funny, isn't it," he said to the doctor, "how many of them call for their mothers."

The older man nodded, almost vacantly, and looked up through the gray green of the olive trees as a roll of gunfire sounded from up the road. "They would start up again now," he commented wearily.

was not the only language used. An American boy once trying to carry on a conversation, found that all around him discussions were taking place in half a dozen different languages. Jokingly, he turned to one of the Canadians and said, "This is the first place I've been where English was the foreign language."

But the variety of languages offered a fine opportunity for students to do some incidental study. The girl who spoke French with a delightful accent, partly French and partly the English of old country teaching, was an excellent tutor for those who wished to improve their conversational French.

Language classes were conducted by students in the so-called free time of the afternoons and evenings. Afternoons and evenings became as busy as the mornings. Committee reports made necessary hours of study and preparation in the cool colonial house that served as library building.

Perhaps the most popular evening pastime was the organized, or impromptu discussion group. Another programme that never lost its popularity included Hawaiian dances, and songs sung in foreign languages.

Sunday afternoon usually found a guest speaker at the Institute. South America, Britain, China, India, Europe, the Bretton Woods Monetary Conference, Post War Aviation, the International Labour Organization, were some of the world influences discussed either in the Sunday afternoon talks, or in evening fireside discussions which some speakers found more conveniently worked into busy time-tables. Discussions followed each talk.

Enthusiasm, energy, and goodwill were the keystones of student life at the Institute of World Affairs. The students left the eight weeks' course, some to return to their universities, others to accept employment in political, economic, or international offices. To the students who attended the Institute, the activities there were an experiment in a life based upon internationalism. As such, the Institute was an outstanding success.

But, assuming that education can be considered from a business standpoint, is such an Institute a success? Although the students did not bear much expense, money is required to conduct a conference. Suppose Canada, along with other nations, decided to carry on similar interchanges of students, what would be your reaction as a taxpayer? Such an Institute might cost the individual taxpayer one or two cents a year. That money would enable forty or fifty young people, not necessarily university students, to live a course in international co-operation for eight weeks. Is the price too high?

Winter Fancies

Winter without
And warmth within
The winds may shout
And the storm begin;
The snows may pack
At the window pane,
And the skies grow black,
And the run remain
Hidden away
The livelong day—
But here—in here is the warmth of May!
Swoop your spitefullest
Up the flue,
Wild winds—do!
What in the world do I care for you?
O delightfulest
Weather of all,
Howl and squall,
And shake the trees till the last leaves fall!
The joy one feels,
In an easy chair,
Cocking his heels
In the dancing air
Theat wreathes the rim of a roaring stove
Whose heat loves better than hearts can love,
Will not permit
The coldest day
To drive away
The fire of his blood, and the bliss of it!
Then blow, Winds bolw!
And rave and shriek,
And snarl and snow
Till your breath grows weak—
While here in my room
I'm as snugly shut
As a glad little worm
In the heart of a nut!

RILEY.

A RADIO TALK

An Experiment in International Co-operation

by J. E. Gander

Schulte Hall is tucked away unobtrusively in the Berkshire Hills in Connecticut. For eight weeks this summer, students of fourteen nationalities lived there to study world problems.

The Institute of World Affairs, as the conference is called, is one experiment in international co-operation and understanding. In 1924, acting on the suggestion of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hadden, arrangements were made to assemble students representing a variety of nationalities, at Geneva. There, right in the atmosphere of the League of Nations, they studied and discussed the turbulent affairs of the world. Annual meetings followed.

Since the outbreak of the present war, Geneva has been no longer a suitable meeting-place. The beauty of New England was substituted for the splendour of Switzerland. The war affected the selection of students. The limitation of choice was a handicap, but even so, a very international group was assembled. European students were in attendance. Many of those students had seen Nazi occupation; some had escaped under the very rifles of Nazi guards.

I have mentioned that Connecticut is the present site of the Institute. The choice of the site is very important. The Institute must be located within easy reach of busy speakers, and near enough to reference material to facilitate studying. But it should be away from the diversions and heat of the city. Twin Lakes was a wonderful choice. Just four hours by train from New York City, the beautiful summer resort offered a cool, quiet atmosphere for study, and healthy outdoor exercise for the relaxation so essential to efficient work.

The students who gathered there did so because of a common interest in world affairs. One of the peculiar features of the Conference was that no matter where a group of students happened to come together, there was likely to take place a discussion of some phase of current problems, either national or international. The Canadian students, for example, spent at least six hours in formal reports and discussions, and many more hours in informal, chance conversations, supplying information, correcting misconceptions, and assisting the other students to evaluate Canada, the British Empire, and the Commonwealth. I recall the times that a Chinese student and I walked from Schulte Hall to the boy's residence, and I tried to explain to him that the King did not govern Canada or England. As we approached the door of the residence, he

would smile so that his eyes were completely closed, his whole manner radiating thousands of years of Chinese philosophy, and then he would shake his head in denial. Finally he accepted my explanations, but his practical mind never completely understood them.

If the students came with common interest, there was not always complete agreement on every topic under discussion. But we did respect the first-hand information that was presented to us. To the girls from Poland, the dispute between Polish officials in Russia and those in England is something more than an international situation. A French Canadian boy could present some aspects of our Canadian difficulties which we don't often consider. A student from Hungary had seen the youth of a country grow up in very different circumstances, and with very different opportunities from those we have in Canada; they arrive at maturity with a very different outlook on the world picture.

We worked, played, and lived together. From the time the bell rang at seven o'clock in the morning, until the last discussion ended late at night, the student's life was a rush of activity. Each student had some duties for which he or she was responsible. The work was done on a co-operative basis, with a weekly re-arrangement of tasks so that every opportunity would be given the student to work with all of the other members in turn.

At nine o'clock the students either assembled on the sunny, open-air porch to hear an informal lecture-discussion by Dr. J. Martin Klotsche, or else they assembled in three or four groups in different rooms to work as committees organized to study particular topics. Three hour reports were presented on each topic studied. Each report, as it was presented, was discussed. At no time in the entire eight weeks did the students have to surrender the right of discussion, criticism, or disagreement. If the discussion of a report took more than the three hour period, an evening discussion was arranged. The stand taken by the student presenting any section of a report took into account the arguments put forth by the members of that committee. Hours were spent evaluating statements made in committee meetings, and the opinion of various writers. Each mail brought more material in the form of books, papers, or pamphlets to be used by one committee or another to make its report more complete. Each student worked on two commissions, four weeks on each. One set of topics was intended to enable the student to

A WARTIME BRIDE

Challenging Interlude

by E. S.

Let us to the marriage of true minds admit a great many impediments. We travel a long courageous road before we experience a fusion of kindred spirits, a union of true minds. Marriage is an ideal, and the striving toward it necessitates the overcoming of many obstacles in strange and sometimes unrecognizable forms. War, bringing separation between man and wife, is perhaps one of the most serious obstacles. But, although it may seem to cast a dark shadow on the path, surely even war is not an insurmountable barrier.

To those of you whose constant worry is: "Will he love me when he comes back, will he have changed very much", I say, Quit building your house on sand. He too may be wondering the same thing and pondering a little on just what you do with your lonely evenings. And that is no way to build a marriage. You have no guarantee, of course, that he will love you when he comes back. Have you any guarantee that you will love him? All you can do and all he can do is to keep alive your mutual desire to strive toward a successful marriage; and if you keep that desire, nothing can come between you. He will have changed and will come home a different person, a finer and more mature person. But you will have changed too. You're not content to remain just as you were when you said good-bye? You will have ample opportunity, if you make the opportunity, of matching the growth of your husband.

Beware of those kind souls, with a gossip flair for the melodramatic, who caution you to expect to meet a complete stranger when the war ends and your John comes home. "He will have had dark and terrible experiences which you can never share," they warn you. "And he will have made enduring friendships you can never know anything about." And one dear soul said to a war-frightened young bride, "He will come home from the bloody battlefields of Europe to you, in your new red dress." To which I reply, "Of course he will, and you in your new red dress is exactly what he wants to come home to." Beyond any doubt, he will come home a man of many memories. Memories that may sear and burn and trouble him in many a dark hour, and you will need all the patience and courage you have to help him. That is what you are there for. In time these memories will cease to trouble him. He may not entirely forget them, but the psychological law that unpleasant things retreat from our consciousness will do its blessed work here as elsewhere. In the meantime, until this adjustment takes place, unshared experiences, in themselves, should not be a barrier between you. After all, your husband will never experience the blood, sweat, toil, and tears of childbirth. Should he then despair of ever knowing your soul?

In the meantime, until he comes home, yours is a stern opportunity, a challenging interlude. Many of you married before you had a chance to try your wings in the business world. Get a job! Not only for the war's sake, but even more for your own. Any job in hospital, factory, or business office, if it is connected with a good firm, can become a glorious adventure. Live with it, play with it, and use a little imagination. And the inevitable lessons you will learn, if you are willing to learn, in how to deserve friends and be influenced by people will aid you in your future job as wife and mother. When you thrust your children out into this cruel, hard world, you will know that this cruel, hard



world is made up of people exactly like themselves, who refuse to be pushed around, but who respond immediately to the understanding heart. And "staying late at the office" won't seem quite so silly or selfish when you have done it a few times yourself. You will appreciate, too, the feeling of a great desire for peace when you get home at night, and you

won't be in the least eager to discuss cheerily the day's happenings. You will learn what he will need at the close of future days.

Your evenings, too, can be filled to the brim with good things. If you live in a city, you must realize the urgent need for hospital workers. Enrollment in a V.A.D. class will give you expert training in first aid, home nursing, and elementary care of hospital patients, all for the price of a uniform. Now don't tell me you can't stand the sight of blood! But even if this should be, you can still serve in the canteens—or can't you stand the sight of food?

And if you are one of the lucky ones who don't play bridge, you will have time, too, for some serious study of economic and political problems. You don't want your daughters to go through the valley of the shadow, as you are doing now, do you? Nor do you want to send your sons to war. Don't say that politics is a boring subject, and that anyway the affairs of the country are in the hands of the "four hundred." Surely as one of the "four million" you are not going to take that meekly.

march to battle. I suggest that you read that remarkable book, "Let the People Know," by Norman Angell, to begin with, and go on from there. You may have been able to match that man of yours in a political argument before he went away. But you may be sure he's done plenty of thinking since then, and probably changed his ideas—and he may not have time to write all his ideas to you.

There will come a time when letters seem a cold substitute for the joy of being together, of living, laughing, and loving together. You long to step out and have a little fun. If I suggest that what God hath joined together, another man may very easily put asunder, you will arise in your righteous indignation and tell me that John trusts you and you trust John and what's wrong with a little fun? Well, it seems to me that marriage is a development, not a static thing. The gift for marriage is God-given, but the growth of love between two people is subject to all the ordinary human frailties and temptations. Even if you and your John were together and able to feed your mutual love by mutual experiences of work and fun, there might come a time when one of you would be tempted to stray away from the fold, just a little. The danger is heightened now that you are separated. The joy of true marriage, however, lies in that fact that it is something that we ourselves arrive at through much striving and usually some heartbreak. At any time it is an ideal that takes all the effort and consecration of which we are capable. And when you feel the urge to "step out," is it not possible that you are tempted toward that companionship you now miss so bitterly? I suggest that you accept substitutes for silk stockings and bobby pins, but think twice before you accept a temporary substitute for your husband.

Even if your only bond be letters, you can still grapple him to thy soul with hoops of steel. If you are busy working, reading, and thinking, you will have much to fill your letters. A nothing-ever-happens-at-home attitude reveals a bankrupt soul, and you are far from admitting that. Just as much life goes on in your particular part of Canada as anywhere else in the world. And you can discover that, in spite of your loneliness, perhaps even heightened by it, the ordinary events of each day can sparkle with human interest. It may be an effort, at first, to write as you feel, but if you try you will discover that you have an awareness of soul you never dreamed of. And you may be sure that your letters will inevitably reveal the real you to your husband. If you are developing as a person, he will sense it immediately. If you are merely marking time, he will know that, too.

You can probably help him best by writing of what you know and of what you are doing. But let him be aware that you realize that his experiences in battle (of which he will tell you little) may well be worse than death. And that you are as determined as he is that your sons will not have to visit Europe as he is visiting it today. Write as you would talk, and admit of no real separation between you.

You may find that this experience through which you and he are passing will be the greatest adventure you have ever had.

A SHORT STORY

I Never Learn

by L. A. Fisher

Shimmering in the July heat, the farm houses a few miles away across the coulee were a filmy mirage.

"I can't believe it," said to Sam with a pseudo-incredulity that I knew he would love. "That's really the States!"

"Yep. Northern Montana."

The Lost River begins as the sluggish outlet of Lake Pakowki, an alkali flat several square miles in area. The river, or more correctly creek, slowly meanders south-easterly, its banks ever increasing in steepness until some twenty miles from the source it cosily loops this way and that at the bottom of a two hundred foot coulee. No willows trail their leafy branches in its rusted pools; no ferns nod along the bank with luxuriant indolence under the warm rays of the sun; no cattle come to slake their thirst in its tepid, brackish water nor to graze in grassy meadows under the hills. Any farms nearby have long since been abandoned as fruitless. The land is dead. Devoid even of a semblance of topsoil, the parched country stands a monument to erosion—a solid area of clay. Some of it is bluish, the color of slate. The greater part is an off-white banded by rusts and ochres, blending here and there into dark reds and browns. Even sage, the most perseverant plant of the prairies, refuses to grow except on the brow of the slopes. God must have cursed the country personally. No minor angel could have achieved such a standard of efficiency.

And yet, Sam loves this country. I suspect that he must be in the latter stage of senile decay to like it, even remotely, but the old boy must be humored. After all, a job is a job, even if I work for a crackpot entomologist. And so, coating my inner hatred of the place with a veneer of charmed interest, I stepped perspiring from the car into the delightful direct blast-furnace rays of the sun. We gazed down into the coulee of the Lost River, lost in our own thoughts. Sam was probably wondering if dinosaurs had ever sent their cries reverberating down the depression. I was wondering how long it would be before we were completely parboiled. What an excellent place it was for a murder. I wondered how essential Sam was to the Entomological Lab., and if he thought I was going to stay out

overtime with him just because he wanted to collect some new grasshopper species. I envied this drive that made him come out on this scorching day with the eager anticipation of a child going to a picnic. I wondered how close we were to Havre. We were only a few miles from Wild Horse on the border, so it couldn't be so far. The Sweetgrass Hills mocked us with their cool, green crests. God, how I hated the place! And Etzikom, Pakowki, Orion, Comrey—they're all as bad, if not worse.

"Look!" cried Sam, pointing half-way down the slope. A salamander came gliding out on a rocky perch, got too near the edge, overbalanced, and rolled further on down the hill to come to an abrupt halt on a big boulder. A cricket stridulated off to the left somewhere. The air was heavy with silence.

"Well, where do we go from here?" I demanded, trying to keep out of my voice the desperation I felt at being stuck in this place.

"Come on down to the bottom of the coulee, and I'll show you something new." The prospect of sliding down a loose clay slope, my shoes full of dirt, didn't exactly intrigue me, but away I followed. Sam is the boss. As we neared the bottom, he steered us over to the left around a shoulder baked by the sun until its crust rang whenever you stepped on it. I followed him around. "There they are!" I looked, and what I saw jolted some of the boredom out of me. Yes, there they were—six of them. They had stems almost fourteen inches long surmounted by an iris-like bloom of a dusty-white tone. From the base grew a myriad of short six-inch spikes, each as straight as a spear arranged to form a prickly wall around the lower part of the stem.

"What are they?" I asked.

"Yucca plants," he replied, a smug smile flitting over his parchment face.

"How can they grow here?" I asked brightly. This was enough to start him off on a scientific discourse. Trapped, I listened with rapt attention.

"Well, it's like this. Those yucca plants are actually a tropical type of vegetation adapted to desert conditions. They have to be cross-pollinated. But the strange part about it is that they have to be pollinated by a certain

insect—the Yucca Moth. No other insect will do."

"Why?" The logical thing to ask, and just what he wanted me to say.

"Oh, it has special mouthparts to pack the pollen well into the pistil. Then she lays her eggs in the ovaries of the plant. The larvae hatch and feed on some of the seeds, but not enough to kill them all. So, you see, both the plant and the moth reproduce successfully. Another odd feature," he droned on, "is that the larvae feed on only one type of food—the seeds of the yucca plant. They depend on each other. Without one the other would die. And do you know that these are the only yucca plants north of Arizona and New Mexico. This country bordering on the Cypress Hills missed much of the glaciation that is evident everywhere else. As a result, some of the fauna and flora are of a sub-tropical nature. This is a collectors' paradise. They find everything unusual here."

I had listened to this monologue for some time, when finally I could stand it no longer. I wondered if anyone would find a body around here, and then decided against it.

"Do you mean to say you dragged me out here in this natural frying pan just to look at same" Sam turned a shocked, glazed eye toward me. Only he moved too suddenly, and began to slip in the loose soil. My temper flared; I couldn't resist. I gently but firmly booted him from the rear. May I be pardoned if I laughed with glee as I saw the boss fall face first into a cute little clump of cactus. Bring me out on some wild goose-chase for insects to this hell-hole, would he? By the way he glanced up at me from the ground, I knew all was lost.

I enjoy working for Macdonald's Consolidated very much. Driving a wholesale delivery truck, you meet all kinds of people. And my new boss; he's swell. I stay right in the city, and he promised me that it would stay that way. Oh, oh, here he comes now. Better get to work.

"Say, Fisher, I'm sorry, but I've got a country trip for you—a few small stores. Let's see, there's Milk River, Manyberries, Pakowki, Orion, and . . ."

* * * * *

News headline in the "Lethbridge Herald":

Warehouse Manager Found Stabbed by Young Student

Motive unknown. Bailing hook used as fateful instrument was a company heirloom, having been in the firm for thirty years.

Heroes All

The month was May, of forty-four,
The day, the twenty-third,
And we were moving up the line,
Our voices scarcely heard.

Cassino towered on our right
(The Poles were fighting there),
The Fighting French were on our left
In mountains grim and bare.

And on the plains in front of us
The vaunted Hitler Line,
With mines and tanks and wire and guns
And infantry behind.

The thunderous roar of many guns
Went echoing o'er the land,
And friend looked silently on friend
And shook him by the hand.

At half-past four the men moved off
Through fields of standing grain.
The angry storm-clouds scudding past,
And dismal, blinding rain.

And blasted tree-trunks, stark and bare,
Stood out on every hand,
Like spectres from another world
To haunt this war-torn land.

With measured tread, and straining eyes
Our men moved slowly on,
And shells were bursting all around,
And "Bill," My Friend, is gone!

But this is war, and men will die,
And others will be maimed,
But many more will live to fight
Till Hun and Jap are tamed.

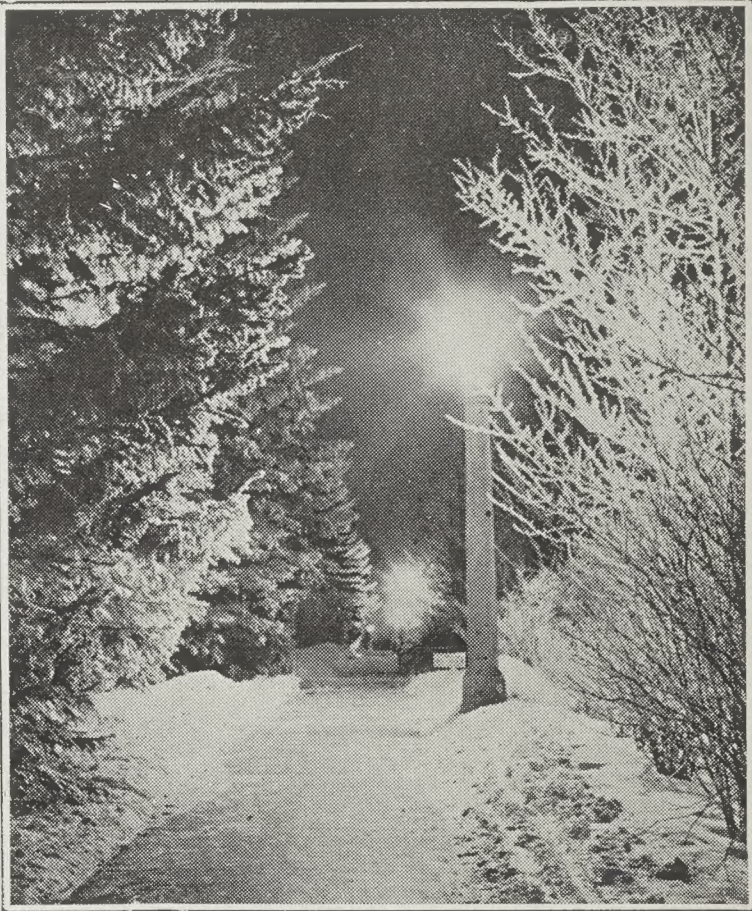
And now we're through the Hitler Line
(Took prisoners by the score),
The smoking hulks of Tiger tanks
Will slay our men no more!

The men who broke the Hitler Line,
Were men who wished to live,
Thank those who fought, and died, and won,
"THE FIRST CANADIAN DIV."

M. C. LEADEN, C.A.O.



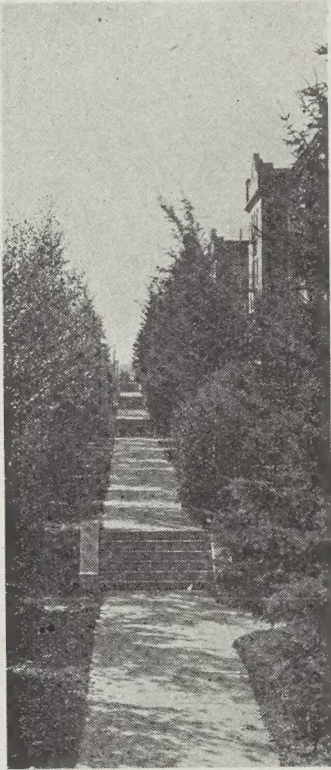
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA



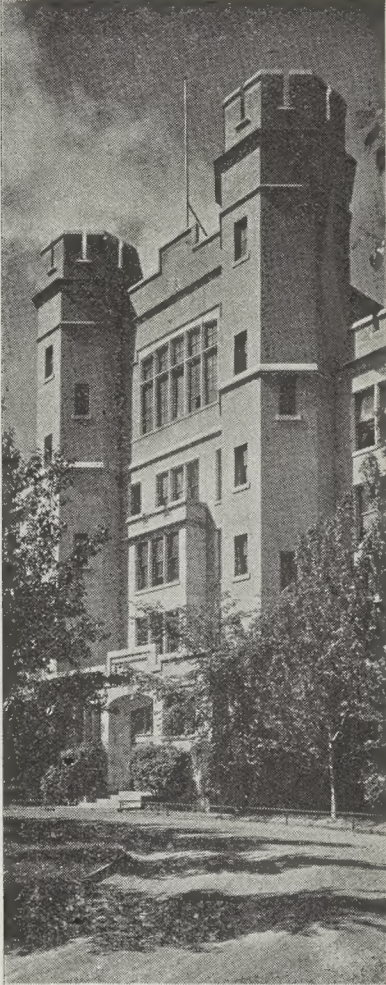
A WINTRY EVENING in front of the residences. This walk will be familiar to returning students.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA CAMPUS as seen from the air. All the area west of 112th Street as shown in the second photograph belongs to the University, and will provide ample room for future expansion.



A QUIET, SHADY WALK up the long path in front of the residences.



ST STEPHEN'S COLLEGE from the driveway.



STUDENTS WAITING for the University Bus in front of the Arts Building. Inside, the Arts rotunda provides a meeting place for students of all faculties. In this building, Convocation Hall is the scene of the weekly House Dances.



SNOW with its promise of winter sports is a happy sight on the Alberta campus.



THE FAMOUS SPIRE on the Medical Building peeps through the hoar-frost on a brisk winter morning.



PEMBINA HALL returns to the students after three years' service with the Royal Canadian Air Force. The newest of three residences, the building will be occupied by the co-eds in the new year.